

# *The Quill*



*Fall 1947*



# *The Quill*

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## *In October*

BARBARA JEAN FANT

There's a rustle in the trees  
As they're tickled by the breeze,  
And the world's a picture painted brown and blue.  
There's a sharpness in the air  
And a tingle everywhere  
That thrills you as it chills you—through and through.

There's a beauty cold and bright  
In the quiet of the night,  
And the leaves all whisper as you walk along  
For it's fall throughout the land  
And the autumn's brilliant hand  
Fills your heart and mind and soul with its gay song.

## *Mañana*

BELVA MORSE

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills . . ." He had ascended the steps, and at last he stood tall and straight on the platform before me. As he began to speak, my heart fairly leaped into my throat. Perhaps his voice was deeper, but it still had that same old happy ring. His blue eyes looked much wiser now, but they twinkled as merrily as ever. His once blond hair, now an odd shade of brown, was beginning to turn gray at the temples.

As he finished reading the Scripture, he closed the Bible, looked into the audience, and smiled. It was a smile that brought tears to my eyes, for it seemed such a short time ago that his special smiles had been saved entirely for me.

He began to speak again. "God so manifests himself in the spring . . ." Spring? I was suddenly whirled away to a spring many years past when the path of my life had first crossed with this person's.

"Mom, whom can I ask to the Spinsters' hop?" I asked.

"Why, ask anyone you'd like to take," she replied. And so I asked Jim.

The Spinsters' hop was a big affair for everyone in our high school. That is because it was a girl break dance, and we could at last dance with all the upper-classmen that we freshmen thought were so wonderful.

I called for Jim promptly at eight o'clock. When he came downstairs, he looked very much embarrassed.

"I would have been glad to come over after you," he said.

"That's not according to the rules," I replied. I smiled as I handed him a big shoe box. "Here's something for you."

As he opened it, he grinned and groaned at the same time. I don't think he appreciated my Mom's efforts to make him that corsage. Why, it had taken her all afternoon to wire the carrots and onions to the cabbage leaves. But whether he appreciated it or not, he wore it.

We had so much fun at the dance. I danced with nearly everyone because Mom had said it was the right thing to do, but I realized that I didn't care about meeting the upper-classmen or anyone else. When we reached his house and he said "mañana," I dared to hope that he liked me too.

The next four years of our lives were filled with love and laughter. Of course, we had our unhappy moments too, but we didn't remember those for long. During our junior year we worked in the high school supply room. I used to stand on a ladder and catch the notebook paper and stack it as Jim threw it up to me. It was almost like a basketball game. I know Miss Jones would have fired us if she had seen us. For four years we struggled through that so-called dead language, Latin; it was our favorite class. We went to school basketball games, football games, dances, and open houses. On holidays we and nine others would spend the day at Camp Avery. Some thought it was an odd group — our Boy Scout leader and his wife, two girls I liked very much, the director of religious education from my church, and two couples we knew well—but we were able to get together so seldom. We would spend the day swimming, playing baseball, and climbing mountains. For lunch we ate potato salad and fried chicken and drank our Scout leader's favorite brand of coffee. After our day's play we'd go to the recreation hall and sit around the fire and sing or dance until it was time to leave.

The years seemed to fly by. And before we knew it, we were going to the junior-senior prom, and then we were graduating. We worked things out so that we could sit beside each other at our graduation exercises.

When school was over, I left home to go to the mountains to work in Bible schools and to attend church conferences. Jim went to camp, but we wrote to each other constantly, and sometimes I managed to go home on the week end to see him.

Suddenly I was brought back into the present. What's that he said? Something about a decision. Yes, that's how it had happened. Fifteen years ago during that summer after graduation he had had to make the decision of his life.

Jim and I were very much alike. We loved dancing, singing, mountain climbing, going to ball games, and just being with people. We also loved working in our churches; but, you see, Jim was a devout Roman Catholic and I was a Protestant.

Now it was just as if I were seeing a movie. I remembered so well the last time I saw him. It was the last night in July. As we stood there on the porch, he looked at me and said, "I've always known I'd have to go; I guess the time has finally come. We're leaving for California in the morning. I'll never forget you; and perhaps when you look back on your high school days, you'll think of me now and then too. *Hasta Manana.*" That was all.

As I looked at him, it seemed almost impossible that all this had happened so long ago. I had been teaching Bible for nearly ten years in the high school we attended. And it was here that he, now a priest, had come to make a talk before going to India. Thus the paths of our lives had crossed once more.

He had finished speaking. As I went forward to speak to him, he stretched out his hand to take mine.

"So this is manana," he said, smiling at me.

"Father," called someone nearby; and then it seemed as if the whole audience had swept down at once to talk with him. As he turned to answer the one who had called him, I walked quickly away. We had really said nothing, but the look in his eyes had told me that he too still remembered those days of long ago.



## *Love Looks Not*

BARBARA HAMBY

In a small town like Clarksville talk is liable to be dangerous, but not to Elliot Cranford. Elliot came from one of the best families in town. He was always in the public eye, from the time he wrote the school play at the age of sixteen until a year ago when he died, a wealthy and respected man. He had everything—looks, wealth, and a winning manner. No one understood why he ran around with George Peyton—that is, no one except me.

George is a tall, angular man, with a bookish look and an amusing cowlick that nothing will keep down. George is—well, George is my husband.

It was the spring of 1929 when I first came to Clarksville, vacationing from a very successful but tiring season on Broadway. I had heard that Clarksville was a quiet town, and quiet and rest were what I needed most. I was going to stay for two weeks, but the two weeks sped along into two months, for I had met Elliot Cranford.

I was just getting off at the station when Elliot came toward me. It seems he was expecting his mother on the train. I must have looked rather forlorn, for he flashed his charming smile and said, "Looking for someone?"

"Well, yes," I replied. "Dr. Monroe was supposed to meet me here."

"Dr. Monroe is at present bringing a new baby into the world," he said, laughing. "Perhaps I could take you to his house. It happens that my mother has missed her train, as usual."

"I'd appreciate it very much."

"You must be Marcia Lawrence. We've been expecting you."

"We?"

"Yes, Dr. Monroe and I. I don't think anyone else knows. You see, we knew that you wanted it kept a secret about your coming here."

All the while he was talking we walked towards his car, and a very nice looking car it was.

When we got in, he began talking about how I'd enjoy my stay with Dr. Monroe and his wife. Barney, my manager, had known them for years. As he spoke, I took a good look at him and decided that if he was around, I'd enjoy my stay very much. Obviously he got the same impression of me, for from then on it was Elliot and I. We were always together. Of course, there was George. He was always around—a quiet sort of fellow, I thought, who listened intently to everything that Elliot or I had to say. And he was amusing in his own way, but Elliot outshone him by far.

I soon found out by way of the grapevine that George was in love with me, but I had eyes for no one but Elliot. George never knew all that time who I really was.

During those two heavenly months I learned everything about Elliot I could. I never had enough of hearing about his school days—how he wrote for the school paper, his first play, his vastly growing and profitable business in which George was a junior partner. He had also, I found out, sold a few of his stories and some poems. I thought there was no one else in the world like him.

Barney had been writing me frantic letters and telegrams, imploring me to come back to Broadway for a new vehicle which he described as "perfect for me." I hesitated about leaving Clarksville; but when Elliot asked me to marry him, I decided that it was best to explain to Barney in person why I was leaving the stage and perhaps, though I hated to admit it, to think Elliot's proposal over. It had really been a whirlwind romance, and I thought I needed a breathing spell. I sent a short note to Elliot, explaining that I'd be back in a month and give him my answer.

It was a lonesome month that I spent in New York. It was only Elliot's wonderful letters that kept me happy. They were full of humor, wisdom, and warm affection. No script I had ever read equaled those letters.

When I returned to Clarksville, I had decided that my answer would be yes. The wedding plans began and sent me into a mad whirl of plans so that I hardly had time to see Elliot at all.

The night before my wedding George came over carrying a package.

"Your wedding present, Marcia," he said.

"Thank you, George."

I put the package down on the table, not even bothering to open it then. I was very tired. But then I noticed that George, too, looked exceptionally tired and quiet.

"What's the matter, George?" I said.

"Nothing, Marcia."

"Oh, come now, George. Tell me what it is."

"Well, Elliot is my best friend," he said. Then he paused for a long time before finally blurting out, "But I don't want to see you hurt."

"Hurt? What do you mean?"

"I shouldn't say this against Elliot, but ever since you've been gone, Marcia, he's been writing to someone else. You probably think I'm saying this because I'm jealous. I've always loved you, Marcia, but I wouldn't say those things about Elliot just to keep you from marrying him. I know he's been writing to someone because I wrote the letters for him! All the time you were in Ohio he was writing to another girl."

"Why, George, I was never in Ohio! Who was the girl?"

"Oh, I don't know, some actress in New York; but it isn't fair, Marcia; it isn't even—"

"George, I was the actress in New York!"

"You? Oh, what have I done? I didn't know, Marcia. Forgive me; I couldn't know. Elliot told me you went to see your mother in Ohio."

"My mother has been dead since I was six, and I've never lived in Ohio."

A look of despair came over his face, and slowly it all came to me. George had written all those letters that I had thought were from Elliot. Slowly I got all the information from him. George had written all those articles for the school paper; George had written the play; George had written the poems and the stories which Elliot had sold and made money on, and George, as junior partner, had told Elliot what to do, and had built up his business for him. George had the talent, but Elliot had the personality for putting things over. Piece by piece I put together the information I needed. I was stunned—speechless. George, feeling quite bad about what he had done, went home looking very sad.

I climbed the stairs to my room, undressed, and lay down, but not to sleep. After much thought and too troubled to sleep, I became aware of which man I loved. Elliot had charm, looks, money, whereas George had the talent which had made Elliot what he was, and George had written the letters which I loved—letters which had come from something more beautiful than looks—a beautiful soul. I knew then which man it was that I wanted and loved.

I told Elliot the next day that I could not marry him. That moment was the first that I had seen him for what he really was—a charming but blank person who would never love anyone but himself. He had lied to George, and he would have lied to me.

People are still talking, I guess, about this wonderful prize that I threw away for such a "quiet, unattractive fellow," but they will never know how happy I've been with George and our two children.

I can write this now because, as I said, Elliot is dead. He took everything, from George that he wanted—everything except me.

Only after George and I returned from our honeymoon did I glance at the wedding present he had brought me on the night before I was to have married Elliot. It was a book of Shakespeare, and in it I found this:

"Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind  
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind."

## *Miss Brill*

JANE PUCKETT

Little Miss Brill walked slowly home from the concert. She even forgot to stop at the bakery shop where she always bought the bun—her Sunday treat. As she reached her dark little room and began to remove the *beautiful* fur necklet, the words of the young girl at the concert came back to her. “It’s her fur that’s so funny,” she had said; “it looks exactly like a fried whiting.”

As she fondled the beautiful creature with its shiny eyes, every stroke seemed to bring back a memory. She was eighteen again; how she had wanted a fur necklet like Julia Britt’s, the banker’s daughter. There had never been enough money, though, for a luxury like that—someone always needed shoes or the baby needed medicine. And even after she went to the university, the desire still lingered in the back of her mind, that is, until the day the tall, quiet lad who also went to the university came into her life. It was on one of those crisp fall afternoons—the kind that makes a girl’s cheeks rosy and sends her spirits soaring. Yes, it was an afternoon much like this one that she had first seen him.

“Dear me, I mustn’t stop and think about that now,” she reminded herself. As she hustled around the room hanging up her afternoon’s finery, she thought of the woman in the ermine toque whom she had seen at the concert. “Poor thing, she did act so brave.” “Brave”—that was a key word to Miss Brill, the school teacher whom the children could never imagine having been young. “Yes, I was brave too.” How well she remembered that year—1917, wasn’t it? Even now she could hear his footsteps and his excited voice as he came rushing up the steps to her tiny apartment.

“My orders are here,” he had said; “I leave tomorrow.” She could see, too, the light go from his eyes when he sighted the tears that were streaming down her cheeks. “Hey, wait a minute; it won’t be for long! Now you just wait until you see what I’ve brought.”

No, it hadn’t been long for little Miss Brill. It still seemed like yesterday that the messenger boy had brought the telegram. She could still see the words on the stiff yellow sheet of paper—“Killed in action.” She remembered too the feel of the soft brown fur on her wet cheek as she lay sobbing there for hours.

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<sup>1</sup>Borrowed from Katherine Mansfield’s short story bearing that title.

The hurt, however, was not so deep now as it had been then; why, she had been only a little older than the girl at the concert then. Miss Brill had learned how hard work could drive away painful memories and loneliness. She could even smile this afternoon as she laid the fur necklet back into the box, thinking as she did so of the first time she had planned to wear it—at Jim's homecoming. That day, of course, had never come; but little Miss Brill, believing that "all the world's a stage," dressed every Sunday afternoon and went to the concert just as if she were expecting him to get his cue and come rushing onto the stage to be received into the arms of one who had loved him and waited.



# *Enjoying Nature*

BARBARA SCHWEIZER

Nature is always beautiful and interesting, but never more than it is in the fall of the year. At this time the landscape is a blaze of color, from the mahogany and gold of the oak and elm trees to the crimson of the wild cherry and gum trees. The seed pods are ripening, and the animals and insects are busy preparing for winter. There are more color and activity here than can be seen at any other season. For this reason autumn is the best time to learn to appreciate or to enjoy nature.

An early morning walk alone is the best way to see this season at its height. The morning should be carefully chosen, not according to the calendar or to the weather, but to your own temperament. If upon waking up you feel out of sorts or tired, postpone your walk until some morning when you wake up feeling at peace with the world and happy inside. This mood is essential in learning to appreciate nature, but later you will find you can achieve this mood by a peaceful morning walk.

Having chosen the time, put on your most comfortable clothes and shoes, and you are ready to start. It doesn't matter where you walk particularly—a wooded area or uncontrolled section will probably be a little more intriguing at first, but there is a great deal of activity taking place in controlled city blocks.

You must develop a curiosity, however, or you will find nothing regardless of where you go. There are many ways of doing this. Bird study is perhaps the most common. If you have any interest at all in birds, or even if you think they are pretty, take a bird book, a piece of paper, and a pencil with you and write down the names of all the birds you see on your walk. You will be surprised at the number of kinds you will find. If, on the other hand, you like animals or insects better, follow the same procedure with them. Insects, being smaller, are a little harder to find and require more patience. Trees and plant life may be treated in the same way; however, late spring is the best time to identify them. Seed pods make an absorbing study, though, in the fall. Just walking along watching everything may be more enjoyable to you. You are the only one who can decide which way is most suitable to you. It may take several different tries before you finally decide which method you really like.

The process of learning to enjoy nature is important. When you have found the beauty and wonders of nature, God's great creativeness can be appreciated. And the rich and the poor alike may enjoy nature.

# *The Marshall Plan*

LAURA STROUPE

The so-called Marshall Plan being developed now is a plan which is an attempt to help Europe help itself. General Marshall, preferring that the plan not bear his name, suggested that it be called the "United States's Suggestion." This "Suggestion" is the beginning of a plan for the economic reconstruction of Europe stemming from General Marshall's commencement address at Harvard last June.

Four factors are involved in the impending European crisis. These factors are of an emergency nature and demand immediate attention.

First, Europe needs money. The disorder in Southeastern Asia means that Europe is not getting the copper, rubber, and other raw materials which are not being shipped because of the Japanese occupation. The war, moreover, destroyed Europe's foreign investments and its merchant fleet. Before the war one source of Europe's income was its shipping services. Now Europe is having to pay other countries to do its shipping.

Second, Europe has production difficulties, the root of which is the shortage of coal. It has been said that the road to European recovery is paved with coal. Coal output in the Ruhr, the main European coal producing area, is now exactly one half that of pre-war output. The coal shortage has led to the burning of wood for fuel. And the results are that a smaller quantity of wood is being shipped out, and a scarcity of wood for mine supports is present, a situation which means that less coal can be mined.

Third, Europe's transportation system, target for much of our aerial warfare, suffered crippling blows during the late war. Now there is not enough steel to repair this extensive damage because there is not enough coal to produce ore.

Fourth, the European food situation is becoming increasingly acute. Europe has always heavily depended on import for food. The state of the transportation system makes the importation of food practically an impossibility. During the war, moreover, nitrates were used in the manufacture of explosives, and the soil was left unfertilized. The difficulty of producing food in such soil is obvious, and the restoring of the soil to its former fertility will take more than a little time to be accomplished.

That is a kaleidoscopic view of the present European situation. Because of Russia's paralyzing use of the veto power, all previous efforts to aid Europe have been blocked and the United Nations Conference declared a sham. There are two clear-cut examples of Russia's obstructionism and

delay. The first is the failure of the four occupying powers to treat Germany as an economic whole because of Russian influence largely. The second is the Greek situation. Russia three times vetoed the efforts of the Security Council to deal with the situation and possibly prevented the protection of Greece from Communists to the North.

The European situation and the aforesaid political difficulties have led to the beginning of the formulation of a plan, the Marshall plan, to aid Europe in the utilization of its own resources with the friendly aid of the United States. Marshall stated that he hoped that the plan would "end American aid to Europe on a piecemeal basis." Recommendations have been made by sixteen European countries as to how the plan may be carried out for the best advantage of all concerned. These recommendations are being studied by three Truman-made committees plus the returned economic committee of the Paris conference. The actual lending of money as proposed by Marshall is to be done in this way. Twenty-two and one half billion will be loaned over a period of four years. Four million of this is to be used for capital equipment; nineteen and one third billions will be loaned through 1951. By then it is hoped that Europe can pay its own way. Four goals have been set by the countries for themselves:

1. To develop their production, especially coal, to prewar standards.
2. To use this production in the most effective way.
3. To modernize their equipment and thereby raise their standard of living.
4. To co-operate with each other and the great powers during and after the plan.

By 1951 grain production should be restored to normal and the output of coal increased.

The citizens of the United States must decide whether or not Europe will recover. There are two views to the decision to aid Europe. The first one, the humanitarian view, explains itself. The other is American self-interest. The United States cannot live alone in a world community. What happens to the rest of the world will eventually affect us. Should we not aid Europe, the economic result would be that their industries would stop and their food would disappear. What the political outcome would be no one knows. Our future undeniably will be affected by the steps we take now to aid Europe. It is up to the American people to accept some small sacrifices, but these sacrifices will seem trivial to those made during the war years. It is also up to the American people to decide whether they will accept these sacrifices to help insure world security and peace, or whether they will ignore Europe's plea for aid and face a future of dark uncertainty. "Peace and Security cannot be bought at a bargain counter. Therefore, all efforts on our part to preserve world peace and security will be worth while."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Mr. Edwin Martin, United States State Department.



## *The Swan*

LOUISE WHITE

Beneath the hanging bank of green  
That sheltered well the shallow pond,  
While resting easily there was seen  
A waxen-white and lovely swan.  
She did not know that I was there  
Or that I spied her hide-a-way;  
She was unknowing of my stare—  
Her whiteness made the clouds seem gray,  
So radiant was her snowy dress.  
Thus still she sat, till with a motion  
Rousing her from peaceful rest,  
She moved onto her tiny ocean.  
So light was she upon the crest  
Atop the water, clear and smooth,  
Her feathers seemed as a caress  
To calm the ripples and to soothe  
The surface of this quiet pool  
Whose peace refuged this silvered swan.  
The clearness of the water cool  
Gave images of things beyond.  
So perfect was the lovely spot  
That often in the hurried life  
Of this uncertain world, I stop  
To think about the peacefulness  
And quiet of that little pond—  
The ease, the calming restfulness  
That had been given me by the swan.

# *Understanding*

JUNE PATTERSON

"Did you see this article in the paper about Virginia Norris? I hardly know what to say—it's, well I just don't know. I really don't understand how—"

"Yes, I saw it. Perhaps you can see what I've meant by the attitude I've always taken and the things I've always said. I was sure that something like this would open your eyes to the real truth some day."

Nancy thought of all the experiences she and Virginia had shared. She had always been proud of their friendship, although she had realized from the very beginning that her mother did not approve of it. Mrs. Richards had been reared in a conservative little Virginia town where some things just simply were not done. It was not, she said, that they were better than anyone else, and she certainly did not want Nancy to be a snob; but still it was not exactly the thing for the daughter of the minister of the Mount Vernon Presbyterian Church to be seen very often with one of the Norrises from Sunset Hills.

But Nancy had failed to see things that way. She told her mother, "It doesn't make any difference in West Virginia whether you are the son of a banker or of a ditch digger. If you are all right, then you are all right. I'm not going to form my friendships on the basis of past generations and family reputations. I like Virginia; she has more good, solid sense than anyone else in my class. And besides, she needs my help and I need hers." And for Nancy that settled the matter.

One time she had invited Virginia to come and spend the night with her in hopes that when her mother could really see how fine Virginia was, she would stop interfering in her most subtle ways with their friendship. Mrs. Richards, however, had created such a barrier between herself and Virginia that throughout the evening everyone sensed a strained and almost bitter undercurrent of formality between the two. Nancy had never invited her friend to her home again.

The situation was not much better at the Norris home. Mrs. Norris felt uneasy in Nancy's presence, and Mr. Norris seemed to put himself to no end of trouble to embarrass Virginia. He made it more than evident that he still considered high school a very unnecessary evil for a strong, healthy girl. Why shouldn't Virginia get out and earn some money for the family? No

one cared whether a girl could rattle off Latin verbs or not; the important thing was that she could cook and sew well enough to attract a husband who would support her. And while Mr. Norris raved and beat his fists down upon the unfinished boards that placed across two wooden horses made the table, the younger children, carelessly dressed in old, makeshift clothes, raced through the open doors, shouting shrilly in the excitement of their games. Brother John, who was only fourteen, had dropped out of school and now worked in a bowling alley, spending most of his money in the back room of that questionable establishment. He, too, had his views of Virginia's "high-falutin'" ideas of cleanliness, honesty, and worst of all education. Nancy was never invited back there again.

In school, however, the situation was altogether different. The two girls were part of a very outstanding group of students who planned most of the extracurricular activities. Everyone recognized and appreciated Virginia's ability to write and direct clever assembly programs for all occasions. She had won praise and honor for her school and for herself by producing a Christmas pageant that was presented in the large up-town churches. But most of all Virginia was liked for just being herself. The old faded dresses and cheap permanent did not matter when they were accompanied by a sunny smile and an ever helping hand.

This was all during their sophomore year in high school. Then summer came; Nancy went to camp and Virginia went to work in a grocery down on Fourteenth Street. They wrote often at first; but as time wore on, the letters became more infrequent until, as September came, Nancy realized that she had not answered the letter she had received from Ginny weeks before.

When school started she noticed a change in Virginia. Her quiet, studious attitude had been replaced by a sullen shyness. She no longer cared to associate with her former friends. Only to Nancy did she disclose the fact that she had been forced to leave home and take a little room over the grocery. Her father in a drunken fit had forbidden her ever to come home again or to see the younger children. She was forced to live alone and fight her battle for an education singlehanded. And Virginia was becoming weary and discouraged.

It was at this time that the Richards family moved to another state. Nancy was almost afraid to leave her friend in such a condition, but there was nothing that she could do except promise faithfully to write and think of her every day. The correspondence had soon become very one-sided, and no one else seemed to have any news of Virginia. There were rumors that her attendance at school had become very irregular and that she no longer wrote for the school paper or chapel committee.

And now this article in the paper. It gave Nancy the strangest kind of feeling. It was as if the many months of almost desperate hoping and praying for her friend could now come to an end. Virginia by herself had decided her own destiny. She had competed for and won the coveted state literary scholarship and had been awarded four years of college with all expenses paid.

"Yes, mother," repeated Nancy, "I can understand. I could have told you long ago."



# Editorials

## *On Earth Peace*

MARY MACPHERSON

As we approach the Yuletide season, we often hear the question "What does Christmas mean to you?" Our answer is lengthy, for we enumerate such things as vacation, home, glistening snow (we hope!), crisp air, gleaming candles, berry-laden holly, gentle mistletoe, brilliantly-lighted Christmas trees, Christmas pageants, carolling, the gathering of families and friends, the radiant faces of little children, the joy and contentment of adults, and, above all, the blessedness of the Christmas story. Christmas means so many things that we find our thoughts piling upon one another and finally building a structure which is surmounted by one word: Peace.

Let us regress in order to define this paramount gift of Christmas. Peace can be defined negatively as a freedom from war, but we prefer to emphasize its positive definition: a state of tranquillity or quiet; harmony in personal relationships; public security as provided by law.

Today we are constantly concerned about world peace. We talk of the United Nations, of the atomic bomb, of rockets, of disarmament of nations, of international police, of the Baruch and the Marshall Plans. Each day we pore over our newspapers and our magazines and listen breathlessly to our radios in an attempt to discern in what direction international affairs are progressing and what may be the possibilities of an enduring peace. From international affairs, we direct our attention to national affairs and express in dogmatic terms exactly what position or action we believe should be taken in regard to capital and labor, to price control, to racial brotherhood, and to many other questions of our times. Indeed our world is in a state of unrest as it reacts to the costly and devastating upheaval of the past decade. We need, therefore, at this especial time to stand away from this confusion, not in order to withdraw from the challenge but in order to gain a new perspective of the world and to renew, as is appropriate on the birthday of our Lord Jesus Christ, our belief in His peace "which passeth all understanding."

Peace in our hearts comes only when we have faith in our heavenly father. Perfect peace is found when we trust in Him and in His ultimate victory over the forces of this world. Let us renew our faith in God's wisdom and sovereignty over our individual lives and over the destinies of the nations throughout the earth. Let us rededicate our lives to the will of God and to the following of His divine guidance. As Isaiah sang of God, so we believe that He "wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee." (*Isaiah* 26:3)

Rededicating ourselves to a greater faith in God and thus feeling a growth of tranquillity within our souls, we find that insecurity and disharmony in our personal relationships with others must be removed. Jesus told us to "have peace one with another." (*Mark* 9:50) As has been implied, this peace with others can come only from a relationship of peace with God our Father. The Psalmist indicated that peace comes through the shunning of evil and the doing of good when he sang "Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it." (*Psalm* 34:13) Christ perfected this statement of our goal when He gave the two greatest commandments: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." (*Matthew* 22:37-40)

The third point in our stated definition of peace, then, is "public security provided by law," the law of God, the law of faith, the law of love, and the law of righteousness. "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever." (*Isaiah* 32:17)

New hope dawns within our hearts with reflection upon the true significance of Christmas. Let us consider carefully what this day, the birthday of the Saviour of all mankind, must mean to us if our lives, our communities, our nation, and our world are to be held in peace. The angels knew the meaning of the joyful blessedness of peace brought to the believer in Christ when they sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom He is pleased!" Upon the birthday of Christ do we renew our faith in peace, "for He is our Peace!"

# ***The Invention Of A World Doctrine***

GOLDIE BARRON

Raymond Swing, noted news editor and radio commentator, has written a timely and interesting article for the September issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Its title, "Unconditional Surrender," strikes a note of fear and foreboding in all those who participated in or witnessed the last World War. The two words have taken on new significance to the present generation. Not only did these words influence the actions of the people, but also they formed to some extent the outcome of World War II.

Few people know the story behind what was really the second appearance of the term, "unconditional surrender." At the close of the British-American meeting in Casablanca on January 24, 1943, the late President Roosevelt "ad-libbed" this phrase during one of the final press conferences of this meeting. Later when he was questioned, he told of the hope he had gained from the conquests in North Africa, Sicily, and the coming conquest of Italy. It was as though a "light was breaking after a long and exhausting darkness." And at this dawning into the mind of the great President flashed the message of General Grant to General Buckner, commander of Fort Donelson in February, 1862—"No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." As a parallel to the latter clause a picture of the advance of the Allies upon all the works of the great Axis Fortress doubtless appeared in the mind of the President. The press conference had not been planned and discussed thoroughly as most of them were. President Roosevelt had simply been appointed to be interviewed by the correspondents.

The President's statement which was made involving "unconditional surrender" bound the Allies to fight to a complete victory with no form of compromise included at all in the victory. General Eisenhower, it is said, was disturbed over the use of the word, "unconditional." These words, however, achieved their main purpose: they raised Allied morale. Our leaders did not take time to think them through but merely accepted them. The determination to win a total victory this time was great.

The wisdom of this policy was accepted for a time, and then it was questioned both by the leaders of the nation and by individual citizens. Captain H. C. Butcher, Eisenhower's naval aide, spoke for this questioning when he said that no surrender had ever been made without some conditions. Research along this line was begun, and the President at his death favored a change in terminology.

Mr. Dulles, an OSS leader from Switzerland, stated that some of the German generals were almost at the point of treason, and with a faint glint of compromise from the West they would have been convinced of the success of their conspiracies. Although this might have hastened the downfall of Hitler's regime, it would have inevitably allowed a residue of German militaristic spirit if not actual military power.

It can easily be seen, then, that this phrase gained much and also cost much. One important gain is that no protests can ever come from Germany or Japan concerning promises made or unfair dealings in their surrender because it was "unconditional." "Unconsciously President Roosevelt invented a world doctrine that will bless the world for many years."

This "unconditional surrender," which once spelled a tenseness and a feeling of awe, should mean comfort and satisfaction. We should be very thankful that this phrase was adopted in reference to the victory which we have won.

## ***Five Points For Peace***

BETTINA MARABLE

Our world is crying for peace! What are we doing to help bring about a peace among the peoples of the earth? From the looks of the chaos about us today, it would seem that none of us is doing very much in the way of peace-making.

In our study of Isaiah we have seen that even in Old Testament times some few people were looking to an international peace. Isaiah set down his fundamental principles for peace, and certainly if we used them and followed them today we would have the best "five-point plan" ever. His five points can be applied to our world today as readily as they applied to the world of Isaiah's day.

To make a beginning toward peace, we must inform ourselves on other nations. We must inform ourselves concerning the nature of the people and their customs, for in knowing these things we can understand the people and in understanding the people we can better evaluate their situation and their demands on the rest of the world. We could practice this policy on Russia, for instance. We do not understand Russia, nor do we know enough about her; therefore, we are in no position to criticize and condemn. First, we must arm ourselves with knowledge—all of us—then we shall be equipped to form intelligent opinions. Information and knowledge are pre-requisites to peace.

There is a second situation we must remedy if we would have peace. People the world over continue to put too much faith and trust in earthly alliances. We put our trust in nations and their strength, and leave God entirely out of the picture—God, the one being on whom we can bestow our implicit faith and have no fear of His faltering. We find a great fear of the things the future may bring, particularly in America. If we could turn the energy of these thoughts towards a trust in God, how much safer the world would be! When we know He has the power to do all things, why do we not look to Him to guide us safely through the dark days, working to help bring His kingdom here on earth?

There is too much of the idea of “we come first” in the world today. It is up to us to see that our nation does not become self-centered and selfish. Each one of us must develop a sympathy which is broad enough to extend outside of our own country to all nations.

A vision of a warless world—distant though that world may be—is necessary in order to see a working peace. With our pessimistic point of view and no vision, we cannot find a peace. We must get rid of this pessimism in order that we can see the good things that life has to offer.

We see now that there are many conditions we must meet before peace can come. The Christian principles underlying the United Nations Organization must be practiced if it is to stand the test of time.



## ***“Whan That Aprille”***

*(Apologies to Geoffrey Chaucer)*

BARBARA HAMBY

When April comes around again  
And showers sweetly fall,  
And chase away the drought of March  
And beauty covers all,  
The birds begin to sing their songs,  
The flowers start to bloom,  
And west wind with his warming breath  
Invades the winter gloom.  
Each vine is bathed with moisture, and  
A freshness fills the air,  
And tender shoots in heath and wood  
Are helped by sunlight's care.

This time of year when nature strikes  
Deep in the hearts of men;  
The people come from many towns  
For pilgrimage again.  
They long for unknown countrysides,  
For saints they all depart,  
And most for Canterbury they leave,  
A shrine in every heart.  
To the holy blessed martyr  
They come from far and near.  
He helped them when their needs were sore  
His memory to them dear.







# *Turmoil In Indonesia*

GOLDIE BARRON

The problem back of the strife between Indonesia and Holland is whether or not Indonesia, the moth struggling to hatch itself from the cocoon of Dutch care, is ready for or capable of unpracticed flight into liberty and self-government. In the United Nations as a result of this problem is found a cleavage between the factions for, against, or undecided about Indonesia. France is fully behind the Dutch, as is Nationalist China; Britain, too, is for Dutch aims but not her methods; Australia is undecided; Russia, of course, assumes her usual role of "champion of the oppressed." The position of the Dutch in the European balance of politics is foremost in the minds of United States representatives to U. N.

A problem of this sort brings up many questions such as—What are the justifications for each side? What are the causes, historical and immediate? Justification for the Indonesians presents itself in the form of natural handicaps and handicaps that the Dutch have pressed upon them. The distance between the islands, the lack of transportation and communication, and the unequal stages of development have made organized movements within Indonesia impossible. These handicaps were in some degree natural, but they were also emphasized by the Dutch officials.

How often we have heard or read that the Dutch have been one of the best colonial powers. Yet this idea is being refuted daily by the words of the men who have visited Indonesia and by the Indonesians themselves. Since 1680 the East Indies have been subject to Dutch control. Freedom from color prejudice and well-trained personnel have been two of the best features of the Dutch colonial policy. These, however, are not an adequate substitute for self-government. When the Dutch took over this land two and a half centuries ago, the natives of these islands were cannibals in the most real sense of the word. And instead of trying to help them develop schools and their own form of government, the Dutch have held them back and kept them in their uncivilized state. And though they were secluded from the rest of the world, the Indonesians have gradually become civilized and have begun to realize the handicaps under which they have been forced to live.

There have been immediate and historical causes for this awakening into the present confused state. Nationalism in Indonesia started not during the recent war, but during the period immediately following the Russo-

Japanese War in 1904-1905. This movement has grown slowly in the newly educated minds of the Indonesians from the close of the Russo-Japanese War until the present day. Gaining prestige through World War I and World II, nationalism finally precipitated into the recent outburst. And invasion of Japanese forces into Indonesia during World War II brought the flame that was to kindle the fire. Widely publicized by the Japanese was the slogan, "Asia for Asiatics." Naturally, Indonesians felt more than ever the resentment and arrogance at being governed by a European nation. L. N. Palar, delegate from the Republic of Indonesia to the United Nations, addressed the Security Council on October 7, saying, "The presence of Dutch troops in Republic territory is responsible for all the difficulties . . . and these difficulties will remain unsolved so long as Dutch troops remain on Indonesian soil." Thus far in this conflict between sovereign and colony there have been all the crimes of war—murder, banditry, and pillaging. Promises for independence were dangled in front of the Indonesians during World War II, and the Indonesians will be satisfied with nothing less. The people under the able leadership of men who have suffered at the hands of the Dutch will fight for their full independence just as did the United States in 1776.

The seemingly selfish attitude of the Dutch is partially justified by Garland E. Hopkins who visited Indonesia last spring and stated after his return, "Indonesia is not ready for independence and self-government. No people are ever ready to make the transition from colonialism to independence and self-government. Only by the trial and error method of governing themselves can a people ever become capable of self-government."<sup>1</sup>

The Indonesians, however, long for independence, yet they seemingly are not prepared for the responsibility. But the two and one-half million Christians in Indonesia cannot understand the attitudes of Christian nations like the United States who realize their situation and seem still oblivious of it. A committee has been appointed to investigate this problem and work out a possible solution. So far no definite plans have been made. And all the world is wondering what will be the answer to the questioning eyes of the people who are fighting for the identical thing the United States fought for only a century and a half ago.

<sup>1</sup>Christian Century, August 13, 1947. Garland E. Hopkins: "Will We Fail Indonesia?"



